

## SOCIETY MEETINGS

**White Oaks Lodge No. 20, A. F. & A. M.**  
Regular communications on the first and third Saturdays of each month. Visiting brothers cordially invited.  
A. L. PARKER, W. M.  
M. H. KOCH, Secretary.

**Baxter Lodge No. 9, R. of P.**  
Meets Thursday evening of each week at Tallaferro hall. Visiting brothers cordially invited to attend.  
GEORGE KETCH, C. O.  
JOHN ROBERTS, K. of R. & S.

**Golden Rule Lodge No. 16, I. O. O. F.**  
Meets Tuesday evening of each week at Tallaferro Hall at 8 o'clock. Visiting brothers cordially invited to attend.  
ED. F. COMREY, N. G.  
JOE A. GUMM, Secretary.

## CHURCH DIRECTORY.

**Methodist Church.**  
Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M.  
Sunday School in morning at 10 o'clock. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.  
THOS. HODGSON, Pastor.

## Arrival and Departure of Daily Mails.

Eastern mail from Carthage arrives, 6 a.m.  
Eastern mail for Carthage closes at 3 p.m.  
Southern mail via Nogal, Ft. Stanton, Lincoln and Roswell arrives 2 to 3 p.m.  
Southern mail for same points departs immediately after the arrival of the eastern mail.  
Jicarilla mail arrives Mondays and Thursdays at 12 m. Departs at 1 p.m. same days.  
Richardson mail arrives Mondays and Wednesdays and Fridays at 12 m. Departs same days at 1 p.m.

## POST-OFFICE HOURS.

7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays—8 a. m. to 9 a. m. and for 1 hour after arrival of stage from Lincoln. Money orders and Register Dep't open from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

## METHODIST CHURCH.

Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday school at 10 A. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7 P. M. J. H. ANGEL, Pastor.

THE WHITE OAKS EAGLE has location notices for sale. They comply with the law and are the best location notices ever offered to the miners of Lincoln county.

## RUBBER-TIRED CABS.

The Londoner Now Glides Over the Streets Without a Jar.

Dancing has been described as the poetry of motion, and perhaps it was at the time the description was penned; but that was some time ago, says the New York Independent. To-day the poetry of motion is found in driving in a rubber-tired hansom cab over a wood-paved London street. For miles you glide along, scarcely conscious that you are moving until your course is arrested by a blocking of teams near Hyde Park corner. No conversation is ever interrupted by a drive in London. Indeed, if you want a few quiet words alone with a friend, the best way to get them is to take a cab. There, unless there be something in your manner to excite the driver's curiosity or suspicion which may induce him to open the trap door in the top of the cab and listen, you are as secluded as you would be in your own laundromat. I don't know how many hansom cabs there are in London, but I know that there are at least 15,000, for I saw that number on the back of one, so that you are never at a loss for them.

## An Old Problem.

One of the problems that is as old as the science of mathematics is that of "squaring the circle." By squaring the circle is meant the problem of finding the sides of a square exactly equal in area to a circle of given diameter. To do this, either by elementary geometry or by expressing it arithmetically in commensurable numbers, has been found to be an impossibility. In other words, the ratio between the diameter and the circumference of a circle cannot be exactly found, even though in the division, the decimal be carried to 10,000 figures. The above being the exact facts in the case, we will say that the problem of "squaring the circle" is one that has long been given up by the mathematicians as insoluble.

## The Sent of the Roses.

A good story is told of an English family living in Norfolk county who possessed the euphonious name of "Bog." As that term in England is never mentioned in polite society, and signifies a minute insect noted for its power of jumping, the family of that name did not appreciate its uniqueness. Upon coming into possession of some money they at once petitioned to have it changed to "Howard." Their request was granted, but, alas for them, the lags of that portion of the country were henceforth known by the more refined title of the "Norfolk Howards."

## Ancient Ale Tasters in England.

The ale taster's office in England was an ancient one. He was chosen at the annual court leet, and was sworn to examine and assay the beer and ale, and to take care that they were good and wholesome, and sold at the proper prices. All defaults of brewers he was bound to present at the next court leet.

## WANTED TO GET SOLID.

How an Aspiring Journalist Lost His Job.

The experiences of young men who are anxious to enter the newspaper business because they think they are born journalists on the strength of the fact that they used to write "good compositions" when they went to school have been an inexhaustible theme for the professional joke maker from time immemorial, and they are not all fake jokes that are written about them, either, as the following real happening will show:

A reporter on an afternoon paper was detailed the other day to go out and write up a fight that had occurred in the northwestern part of the city, and in the course of his hunt for facts he ran across a busy young man who proved a very mine of information.

"You ought to know me," said this young man to the reporter, after the latter had pumped him dry. "I used to be a reporter on your paper."

"I don't remember you," replied the chaser for news, figuring to himself whether to brace for an application for a loan or hint for a drink.

Whereupon the mine of information allowed that he was a green hand and had worked only four days, though he did not volunteer any information concerning the reason why he failed to hold his job for a longer period.

When the reporter got back to the office he asked his city editor about the young man he had spoken to, mentioning the young man's name. The city editor thought awhile and then he remembered.

"Oh, yes, I know him," he remarked. "He's the stiff that used to come in every morning and shake hands with me. As soon as he would hit the office he would chase up to me, grab my lunch book and agitate it up and down, at the same time making solicitous inquiries about the health of myself and my wife. I stood his work for four mornings and then I fired him."

All of which goes to show that it is poor policy for a hired man to get too familiar with his boss.—St. Louis Republic.

## HE DARED THE ENGINE.

A Drummer Tells What He Saw in a Railroad Yard.

"One Christmas I was down watching the 'yard geese' or switchmen in the yard at Ottumwa, Ia.," said the drummer to a San Antonio Express man. "The whole crew were celebrating, more or less, and had paid many visits to 'The Road to Hell,' kept by old Stornay Jordan, who backed the prohibition law so long. A fellow in the crew 'pulling plus,' a tall, lank, blue nose from the eastern limit of Nova Scotia, was always 'chewing the rag' and 'rawhiding' with the 'eagle eye' or engineer on the yard engine. Both were pretty well tanned and got to bluffing each other, and finally the blue nose bet the engineer he could stand in the middle of the track and get on the head end of the engine as fast as she could turn a wheel.

"They put up \$25 a side, but that wasn't all the stakes. Failure meant certain death for the switchman and a trial of the engineer for murder.

"They went out into the yard to settle it. There stood the switch engine all 'hot.' The ground was frozen and slippery and the track full of hard-packed and frozen snow to the top of the rail. Up to then we thought they were bluffing, but when they took the engine back a quarter for a start we tried to get the fool off the track, but he was armed with a car pin and stood us off.

"The engine came at full speed, 25 or 30 miles an hour easy; that fellow stood staggering drunk in the center of the track and never moved. When the engine reached him he leaped away back, set one foot up on the step and never picked him up like a flash and never even threw him up against the iron hand rail! They went back to the saloon and one more drink apiece put 'em both asleep."

## HAD TO RESURRECT HIM.

Novelist Du Terrail Forgot That He Had Killed One of His Characters.

A great master of the art of throwing off stories by daily installments was Ponson du Terrail. When he was at the height of his vogue, says the Boston Transcript, he kept three running at the same time in different papers. His fertile imagination was never at a loss, but his memory frequently was. He was apt to forget to-day what he did with a hero or heroine yesterday. To help his memory he at first noted down briefly in copy books what happened to his men and women, but finding that often he could not read his own writing he invented a new system. He procured little leaden figures, on which he gilded the names of his characters as they were born. Supposing there were three stories running, there were three sets of figures in different drawers. When a character was settled off the little man or woman in lead was taken away from its companion and laid aside.

One day when Ponson du Terrail was all behind in his work he set himself to his task without examining the slain. His bad memory led him into a terrible blunder. He had forgotten that he had killed Rocamboles—the still famous Rocamboles—in the previous feuilleton, and to the great surprise of the reader he made him talk again as if nothing out of the common had befallen him. This resurrection of Rocamboles is one of the most curious things in the history of the romans-feuilletons.

## Relics of Indian Days.

The skeleton of an Indian warrior at least six feet six inches tall was found in Muscogee, Me., a few days ago by two men who were digging a cellar. The body had been buried in a sitting posture, facing east, and about it were found iron implements and spear and arrow heads, while around the arm bones were copper bands covered with curious carvings.

## OUR TITLED WOMEN AT HOME.

The Estates and Residences of Former American Girls Now Living in England.

American young women who marry titled or prominent Englishmen usually spend the remainder of their lives abroad. Their homes are all that money can buy. The new duchess of Marlborough will, of course, occupy Blenheim, one of the most magnificent private residences in the world. Fortunes have already been spent in completing and repairing this magnificent castle, and another million or so could be employed to good advantage in putting the building and grounds in order. It is expected that a large portion of the marriage settlement will be expended in this manner, says the New York World.

One of the largest castles in England, Coombe abbey, belongs to the countess of Craven, who was Miss Cornelia Bradley Martin, and who has just passed her 15th birthday, though she has been a lady of high degree for more than a year.

The countess of Essex, who was Miss Anne Grant, of New York, owns another of the English grand country seats. The countess of Essex brought her husband no fortune, but she is acknowledged to be one of the most beautiful and charming of England's rapidly-increasing colony of "American princesses." She is the second wife of the earl of Essex. Her favorite residence is Cassiobury, in Hertfordshire. The building is the center of vast grounds, including some of the best deer parks in England. The grounds contain more than 20 miles of walks and drives, all beautifully shaded. The countess need never go beyond her own preserves when she takes outdoor exercise.

## TWO GREAT RIVAL ARMIES.

Tremendous Sacrifices Which French and German Nations Have Made.

The knowledge that France would fly at Germany's throat as soon as it seemed safe to do so has been a permanent factor in all international bargaining and controversies; the terror that some untoward accident might precipitate the always-threatened conflict, even against the desires and best judgment of the combatants, has never ceased to haunt the imaginations of men, says the London Saturday Review. If this prolonged anxiety has ruined the nerves of onlookers, what must have been the tension upon the peoples directly concerned? Statistics afford some slight conception of the material burdens which they have been forced to bear. When the war ended, for instance, the Germans had 570,000 troops of all arms on French territory.

To-day the regular peace footing of the regular French army, without counting gendarmerie or any reserves, actually exceeds by 30,000 that total muster of the Germans at the time of their triumph. The present standing army of the German empire, being formed on the theory of a defensive force, is a trifle smaller. It has only 250,000 men under arms. These figures are too vast to convey realities to the mind. The fact may be made a little clearer by saying the French and German peoples together have now some 800,000 more professional fighting men in active service than they found it necessary to maintain before the war of 1870. Yet this, too, fails to give an adequate idea of the tremendous sacrifice which both nations have been compelled to make, year after year, throughout this weary quarter of a century.

## MACKEREL BRINE.

How It Cured an Indiana Justice of Rheumatism.

Once upon a time, says the Peru (Ind.) Chronicle, there lived at Huntington a German potentate of the name of Louis Hitzfeld, who from time immemorial was a justice of the peace. The square grew into influence, wealth, gout, corpulence and senility simultaneously. The older he became the goutier, more dogmatic and rheumatic, until at length his sufferings were intolerable and relief was imperative to postpone the inevitable foreclosure on the tenure of his existence. He was advised to go to Mount Clemens, and went and took a course of treatment and returned greatly relieved.

He had not only bathed in the pools, but tasted the waters. In the course of time the affliction returned in all the various forms and degrees of torture, and he resolved, having, as he believed, fully analyzed the water and become acquainted with its composite qualities, to prepare a bathing solution for himself. He purchased a number of half barrels of mackerel, took the fish out for family consumption and reserved the salt brine for bathing his rheumatic limbs. His experience, after testing both Mount Clemens brine and the mackerel solution, was that the latter was equally effective as the former, and he never went to Mount Clemens again.

## Snobbishness in Dogs.

A dog fancier once took exception to Prof. Huxley's assertion that "one of the most curious peculiarities of the dog mind was its inherent snobbishness, shown by the regard paid to external respectability. The dog who larks furiously at a beggar will let a well-dressed man pass him without opposition." He said that, in fact, only the dogs of well-dressed persons act so. Dogs accustomed to men in rags bark not at beggars, but at persons clothed in sleek broadcloth. Huxley may have been all right with heavenly bodies, but he did not understand dogs. The affection of the yellow dog for a nigger still remains unexplained.

## A Steamboat on Wheels.

Sweden can boast of a steamboat on wheels. This unique vehicle makes regular trips overland from one lake to another near by. To leave the lake it approaches the shore with a full head of steam on, rushes over the rails of the connecting road to the top of the embankment midway, shoots down to the other lake, and then its screw propellers merrily churn the waters again.

## The Modern Child.



"Oh, Miss Daisy, I wish you'd come with me! Tommy Parker wants me to go with him to the Round pond to sail his boat, and it wouldn't look well to go with him unless I had a chaperon."

—Ally Sloper.

## Ratiocination.



Rector—Duggan, attention! As you're an old Balaklava soldier I am inclined to make allowances, but this is the third time I have seen you under the influence of drink. How is this?

Sexton—Well, you see, sir, when I go down town, one fellow says, "Duggan, will you have a drink?" and another says the same, and I get drunk without knowing it.

Rector—But, Duggan, when I go down town, no one asks me to take a drink.

Sexton—Yes, but you're not nearly such a popular man, you see.—Punch.

## At the Pyramids.



"Have an Egyptian cigarette. They are some I just got from New York."

—Truth.

## Taking It For Granted.



He (confidently)—By Jove! I can tell you, the woman who could make a fool of me isn't living.  
She—Poor thing! What a satisfaction it must be to you that she so thoroughly accomplished her mission before she died!—New Budget.

## A Slight Mis-understanding.



—Truth.

## "Not Getting on Very Well."



—Life.

## OZANNE'S Tri-Weekly Passenger and Express Line

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VIA

White Oaks, Nogal and Fort Stanton!

Elegant new coaches have been put on this line, which will leave an Antonio every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, immediately after the arrival of the train, for which it will wait, however late the train may be; and will reach San Antonio from White Oaks every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY and connect with the eastbound train. No more night travel. Passengers will stop over night at the Mountain Station ranch, and reach White Oaks in time for dinner next day. None but careful, sober men are employed to drive, and no expense will be spared to make passengers safe and comfortable. Coaches will leave White Oaks every Monday, Wednesday and Friday for the railroad. In all my eight years experience in carrying the U. S. mail I have never had a single accident resulting in injury to any one. Passengers who regard their comfort and safety will do well to patronize the Ozanne Stage Line, and when they reach White Oaks to

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